

arrival here. They are strongly posted on Bunker's Hill and are still throwing up additional works. We have thrown up several lines and redoubts between Mystic River and Dorchester Point to prevent their making their way into the country. In a few days we shall be well prepared to receive them in case a sortie should be attempted." And the same day he wrote to Richard Henry Lee: "Our army on the Neck and on the Hill, and those on the enemy on Bunker's Hill, are in full view of each other, a mile distant, our advance guard much nearer, and the sentries almost near enough to converse; Roxbury and Boston Neck are still the same."

It was from Wadsworth House also that the American general rode out to the reconnaissance that may have been the first step in his plan for investing the British capital, and which is marked in his journal of accounts: "To expense of myself and party, reconnaissance to the Sea Coast East of Boston Harbor, 10 pounds, 5 shillings." The Wadsworths' role in our country's history is also marked in its historical associations. Wadsworth House served during 120 years as a home for the presidents of the college, and it has been said that "probably no more important place in American history has many illustrious personages under its roof tree." It was occupied by Benjamin Wadsworth, Edward Holyoke, Samuel Locke, Samuel Langdon, who commanded the college during the American Revolution; Joseph Willard, Samuel Webber, John Thornton Kirkland and Josiah Quincy during one year of President Kirkland's administration the old college building in the now abolished office of "President's Freshman."

later the ground becomes. The earth yowls, flattens at the poles—not all at once, but gradually.”

“Isn’t he dreadfully wise!” Buddie whispered to Colonel.

“He’s a wonder,” replied the Yellow Dog, who hadn’t a bit of envy in him. He and his always gave credit when credit was due.

For some time the little party waded through the wood in silence, the Donkey following his nose, the others following him. Presently the leader called a halt to enter the guide, who was some little distance in the rear. “Time for story,” he pronounced when the Possum at last came lumbering along, puffing at every step.

“What shall it be?” asked the guide, when he could get breath enough to speak.

“A fairy story,” ventured Buddie.

“I don’t know any fairy stories,” said the Possum.

“A good ghost story would suit me, said the Donkey.

“I never tell ghost stories by daylight,” said the Possum.

“Oh, well, give us anything, only be quick about it,” said the Rabbit, who was fast asleep.

“Last summer,” began the guide, “was fishing for trout on the headwaters of Flute River.”

A long pause.

“Well,” said the Yellow Dog.

“It weighed six pounds,” finished the Guide.

“That’s the way to tell a story,” said the Donkey, “Skip the details and get at the important facts. Forward March!”

They resumed their journey, and before long the sound of falling water came to their ears.

“We’re getting there,” remarked the Donkey, complacently. “This bears traveling on the rings of a target.”

“I’m finding the Rabbit made no reply. Probably he did not hear it. His thoughts were on his precious nose. At last, fortune favoring, he was to unravel the great mystery of his existence. Now our hero could tell us out why he wobbled so much. Trembling with excitement he bounded ahead, and when the others came up to the well they found him leaning over the curb and staring into the water’s interior.

(Concluded next week.)

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